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BUCKLEYISM

THE GOVERNMENT OF A STATE

BY

JEREMIAH LYNCH

SAN FRANCISCO

1889

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BUCKLEYISM.

The local government of our principal cities has been for many years past of a most deplorable character. Especially is this true of the seaport towns, where the large foreign population reduces the average intelligence, so that designing and scheming rogues can, with comparative ease, obtain the mastery. In the interior, where the people are scattered over large areas, a just interest is taken in politics, and a Primary calls forth near as many votes as a general election. The farmers and dwellers in the little towns find plenty of leisure in the evenings to read and comment on the intelligence conveyed in their newspapers. They personally know the proposed local candidates for office, and gradually take the keenest interest in the success of their favorites and friends. Therefore, the men selected are usually of a good average standard, for they will be subjected to the sharpest criticism, morally and politically. That being so, and every candidate or supposed candidate having his own individual supporters, it is quite impossible, in the nature of things, for one man to wield supreme control over

the deliberations of a County or Congressional Convention. There never has been an occasion in the history of this State where the interior representatives to a State Convention have acknowledged the authority of any man coming from among them. This is true of both the great political parties. Besides, the remuneration and emoluments attached to an interior local office generally exceed what might be gained in the following of an unofficial vocation. There are few counties in California in which the shrievalty is not valued at seven thousand dollars, and upwards, annually, and the other offices are proportionately lucrative.

It is true that the expense attendant upon a campaign, including the nomination, is quite large; but the successful aspirant is usually accorded a renomination, and may retire at the end of four years with some accumulation.

Then there is the glamour of holding an office by the suffrages of his countrymen which makes him somewhat envied of his neighbors, and constitutes a strong attraction to most American citizens. For these reasons the very best men in the interior are not averse to a political position, and as a result the county officials throughout the State are of comparatively high character and standing. They serve to keep our system of government popular and satisfactory when the actions of the larger towns would sometimes make the people

despair of purity and honesty in its administration.

In San Francisco, especially, politics are conducted on a much more contracted platform. Here is a large population of foreigners, near one-half of the city's voters being foreign-born.

These people come here poor; destitute of knowledge generally, and, particularly, of an acquaintance with our laws and customs. Having left countries where their participation in government, other than to pay taxes and be conscripted into armies, was very meagre indeed, they are amazed at the facility which our naturalization laws offer them, not alone to become citizens, but also to hold office.

Naturally, they assume the rights of the former and endeavor to obtain the latter as quickly as may be. Poor, in many cases without a trade, and generally with large families, the possibility of securing an office, which gives them at once station and money, and enables them to live respectably without labor, is a temptation that very few can resist. But they find in their way one or two men who hold the party machinery, who must be paid—either in money or promises—and without whose aid they cannot succeed. It may be true that the character of these "bosses" is contemptible; that their reputations are little better than that of a thief; that they obtain and secure power in a shameless, degrading fashion; but they are

the "bosses," and our poor foreigner, although possessing a good, strong sentiment of what constitutes right and wrong, finally, after hesitation, perhaps, makes a compact with the "bosses," and thereafter is an abject slave. His own sterling good sense and energy of character which have raised him among his neighbors, so that he could be recommended by them for some position, tells him very well that he is not doing right; but he finds the "boss" like a wolf in his way; and his sense of moral rectitude, dulled perhaps by poverty, is not rigid enough to embolden him to stand up and fight like a freeman. The rest is easy and the grade steep. He is soon as eager for prey as his master, only not with the same dexterity; and when he has been used, and cast aside like a soiled cloth, he becomes very often a drunkard. Bankrupt in reputation and fortune, and having acquired dubious habits, he sinks lower and lower, until finally he runs away from an unpunished crime, like Creighton, or dies without a friend, like Louis Holtz. The annals of the Democratic party in the city, to which I will address myself, record many such wrecks, especially in the past six years. This is due to the malign and debasing influence of Mr. Christopher A. Buckley, whose present position is as degrading to the country as to the party which he commands; for the city that permits this man to be its despot, no matter through what agency, deserves

infamy. But, to go back a little: It will be quite futile to write of affairs earlier than ten or a dozen years ago. At that time San Francisco had, in Owen Brady and Jack Mannix, the nominal heads of the Democratic machine. Brady owned and ran a line of hacks, with headquarters at the Lick House, then the most prominent hotel for politicians in the city. Brady was a ready and adroit ward "puller," but coarse in his ways and expressions. He undertook to treat aspirants for office as he did his recalcitrant drivers, and naturally became disliked. Jack Mannix, the other member of the firm, kept a saloon, somewhere, I believe, on Market street. He was a rough and ready fellow, who preferred the logic of the hands to that of the brain. Big, bluff and gruff, yet he had a kindly, good nature, that would not willfully do wrong.

They exercised a certain control over a portion of the city front, especially south of Market street, and for a time were recognized as persons to be cultivated; but they were ignorant, and while scarce knowing the difference between wrong and right, yet were not sufficiently skillful to make themselves rich or feared. The city was growing; a better and more intelligent class began to take part in politics, and the political firm of Mannix & Brady gradually disappeared before the rising groggery of Fallon & Buckley.

Brady subsequently died and Mannix is to-day

employed in a subordinate capacity somewhere on the water front. No one ever hears of him now. He is quite poor, and does not find his political training of very much assistance in more honest pursuits. The groggery of Fallon & Buckley became, about 1880, the resort of the ward "bosses" and sports about town. It was located on the south side of Bush street, between Montgomery and Kearny. Fallon was the senior member of the firm, and as the older in years and experience was regarded with becoming respect by his junior partner, Chris. Buckley. The latter made it his part of the business to order the liquors, attend to the cleaning of the groggery and listen to the words of wisdom emitted by Fallon and his political associates.

Perhaps it is proper in this place to outline Mr. Buckley's personal characteristics and to describe, if possible, his peculiar capacity for evil.

Buckley is about forty-eight years old. He is a native of Ireland, which country, unfortunately, he left in his early youth. After some years' stay in New York City, he came to California.

His first residence was Vallejo, and his first business keeping a "gin-mill" for sailors. A Republican on his arrival here, he was appointed and continued for some years to act as Secretary of the Republican County Committee of Solano County. He then removed to this city. He very soon discovered that San Francisco contained a

Democratic majority, and so, with that facility for change which is the essence of success, he recanted his old heresies and became an ardent Democrat.

The questions that antagonized Hamilton and Jefferson; the tariff and free trade; State rights or centralization of government, have never disturbed the delicate symmetry of his mental organization. Political principles are to him only a synonym for political pelf, and like the Hessians, he was ready to sell his services to the highest bidder.

Locating in this city, he renewed the gin-mill business as most suitable to his inclinations, and for a while was his own best customer. He indulged in the wildest dissipation and most infamous orgies, until his constitution, naturally delicate, began to fail under the constant strain to which it was subjected. A disease gradually affected his eyes until now he is all but blind. To say that he is entirely blind is an error, for he can distinguish the outlines of a person conversing with him, and he can also tell whether it is man or woman, dark or fair; but he cannot see to read or write, nor will he cross a street, nor walk down a sidewalk without assistance. He has exhausted every remedy of science, even going to Europe and consulting the most celebrated oculists living; their efforts have been fruitless, and he has abandoned all hope of ever having his vision restored. But Buckley is a man of marvelous

vigor of intellect. Recognizing his affliction and its cause, he at once stopped drinking, and for years has tasted nothing stronger than mineral waters. He also became continent and temperate in other matters, and did all that prudence could suggest to build and strengthen his nearly ruined constitution. Finding that the loss of his eyesight deprived him of many advantages enjoyed by other men, he at once began to cultivate his remaining faculties as a substitute. In this respect his perseverance, added to his strong mental organization, has succeeded to a remarkable extent. His memory of voices and names is actually wonderful and almost unparalleled.

Anecdotes are related to illustrate this quality that are nearly incredible. No matter under what circumstances a man is introduced to Buckley he never fails, when hearing his voice afterward, to call him by name. He has reversed the idea of Themistocles, and like Cyrus, knows the cognomens of all his army. People have been brought to him in a dark room, and, hastily introduced among a number of others, have merely said: "How do you do, Mr. Buckley?" and gone away. Two years afterward, on their again meeting him and saying: "How do you do, Mr. Buckley?" he at once says: "How are you, Mr. Jones?"

This quality has served him admirably at many a State Convention. Some "hay-seed" statesman

meets Mr. Buckley at a convention. Two years thereafter, the next convention, finds the same "hayseeder" there. He is presented to Mr. Buckley, who, on hearing his voice, at once calls him by name, inquires how matters are progressing in his particular county, and converses with him with such an air of deference, and displays such an intimate knowledge of the politics of his locality, that the country politician retires astonished, and delighted with his own importance. As Buckley cannot read, he has read to him, every morning, the principal items of news in the press. Naturally, every paragraph cannot be noted, so his mind is unburdened with little things that might interfere with the consideration of more important affairs. As his trade is politics, all things on that subject are of interest to him. Therefore he has read to him all the articles from the various codes and decisions that are of moment, as they appear from time to time. Through his wonderful memory he never forgets, and can perhaps repeat the codes and articles of the Charter of San Francisco better than any man in the city. Thus, aided by a sound logical brain, he is no mean lawyer, and can discuss decisions and quote authorities with the best of them. He rarely uses profane language and has acquired a suave and polished address, such as properly belongs to one of much travel and refinement. Always carefully dressed, in the very

extreme of fashion, with a lithe, erect person, he looks one full in the face with his large sightless orbs below his smooth and serene forehead, and seems to be all innocence and candor. He wears no beard, and his dark mustache covers a firm mouth, and a face beaming with intelligence, so far as may be said where the "mirror of the soul" is absent.

He speaks with a perfectly distinct and pleasant intonation and in a low tone, for as he meets and talks with people on the street he cannot tell who may be near by and he may not care to have his guide listen, who usually stands a little way off. He is quite youthful in appearance, and looks in fact, as he goes along the street, arm in arm with his companion, like a quiet, gentlemanly swell of about thirty-five.

As a "Boss" he has been wonderfully successful. There are several reasons for this. First, he has no conscience. I don't know whether he ever had one; but if he had, he must have lost it with his eyesight. He is the most mercenary man in Pacific Coast politics to-day.

He does not believe in honor in man nor virtue in woman. He debauches men as a libertine ruins women, and then he takes from them half the price of their crime.

When it comes to money he has no politics. Mammon is his God, and he robs with equal ease and grace Republican and Democrat. He will

take money from a Republican candidate for Congress to nominate a weak Democratic opponent against him.

He will promise in the Legislature to have his slaves vote for a certain measure; and then, if the other side pay a little more, he will coolly direct the wretches to vote for the highest bidder, thus taking bribes from both sides. He is a good example of Dean Richmond's "damned rascal who will not stay bought;" and the sorrow of it is that the Senators and Assemblymen who so readily allow their honor to be sold, their oath of office to be violated, and themselves to be so shamelessly bartered, never know how much he receives for their infamous carcasses, and thankfully take what he gives them. It is quite true and well known by every one who has had anything to do with the past three or four Legislatures, especially the last one, which Buckley absolutely controlled, that people who wanted certain measures defeated, or passed, never went to the member of the Legislature direct. All their negotiations were with Buckley. He would tell them how many votes he had, who they were, and bargain at so much per head. If some one could talk a little more plausibly and was supposed to be of a more robust honesty, why, then, he was worth more; as, in ante-bellum days, a good, sound "nigger" was more valuable than an older and more decrepit one; and it may be news to some good folks to be

told that frequently Republicans ranged themselves under Buckley's black banner, for it was not the Democrats alone who were rascals. Republicans as well wanted money, especially those from this city, and they very soon found that Buckley could make a better bargain than themselves.

He is utterly shameless in his personal associates. Buckley's guide in San Francisco, with whom he promenades the street, arm in arm, is an ex-State Prison convict, who was sentenced to San Quentin and was pardoned through his master's influence before his term expired.

The leader's groggery, before he became so rich as to sell it, was the constant resort of prize-fighters, gamblers, and other worthies of the same stamp. They knew that Buckley had assisted some of their fraternity out of many a hard scrape, and therefore thought him entitled to their patronage. But I will address myself to the precise detail of his advancement and power, which will fully reveal his incredible depravity.

However, it will be necessary at first to advert to Mr. Sam Rainey. Mr. Sam Rainey is a gentleman who occupies some position in the Fire Department of this city—exactly what it is I never knew, nor, I firmly believe, does any one else. It is, I think, Repairer of the Hubs, Cleaner of the Pipes, or Surveyor of the Corporation Yard. At any rate, whatever it is, it is a salaried posi-

tion, and enables Mr. Sam Rainey to control the whole department, firemen, Commissioners and all. It doesn't seem to make any difference what party is in power, Mr. Sam Rainey remains and quietly directs things. He has welded the Fire Department of San Francisco into a compact political organization, admirably disciplined, every man selected for his political acquirements; and it is estimated that the Fire Department, under Mr. Sam Rainey's management, is equal to three thousand votes in a close election. When a Legislature is in session, Mr. Sam Rainey spends all his time in Sacramento, which has caused the press periodically to protest against his lobbying there while he was getting pay here; but it makes no difference to Mr. Sam Rainey.

In his ten years' administration of the Fire Department, Mr. Sam Rainey is understood to have accumulated some means against a rainy day. Fair, fat and fifty, with a pleasant smile and insinuating visage, Mr. Sam Rainey forms a good foil to the saturnine Buckley, and their partnership has prospered. It is noticed, however, that of late Mr. Sam Rainey, instead of saying to some applicant, "Me and Buckley will see about it," now says, "I will ask Mr. Buckley, and see what he will do." Evidently Mr. Sam Rainey realizes that the arch-rascal is surpassing him in money-getting and venality, and so takes a secondary position. In 1882 they obtained control of

the party organization. The previous election, which had been a defeat, left the party in a demoralized condition. So, without any difficulty, at the ensuing Primary, a large number of the delegates became Buckley's supporters. They went to San Jose. After a prolonged fight, Stoneman was nominated. Buckley, however, came out of the convention with a reputation for consistency and "honor." Despite all blandishments he voted his men steadily against Stoneman on every ballot, though it was plain they could not win.

He was training then, and he was not ready to put on the black mask. The standing thus gained by Buckley enabled him to retain the machinery of the party for the Municipal Convention. Naturally, the organization of clubs that had sent the delegates to the State Convention existed; they, likewise, elected through the Primaries, delegates to the Municipal Convention, which met at a later period. It was found on assembling, that four-fifths of the members were Buckley men, and people realized that a new era had commenced — an era of corruption and degradation; of infamy and contempt; where a whole city surrendered herself to the embraces of a "blind white devil," whose spawn is a pestilential breed of Helots. Near all the local nominees of the Democratic party were "lambs," with a few good men thrown in to leaven the lot. The immense majority received by Stoneman elected

them, without exeption, Sheriff, Assessor, Supervisors, Board of Education. Then Buckley, from his devilish and avaricious intelleet, evolved a system of plunder that is unrivaled among the tales of the buccaneers. He followed Iago's admonition faithfully.

The Board of Education disburses in repairs and new buildings about a hundred thousand dollars annually, and a master carpenter is usually elected to supervise this expenditure. Buckley ordered them to appoint one of his ereatures, and thereafter the two divided.

The carpenter shop also gave employment to thirty or forty men permanently, which places he filled with Tar Flat hoodlums. Many thousand dollars' value of lumber was annually bought for the use of the School Department. He made a contract with certain people who supplied the lumber. School teachers were to be appointed when vacaneies occurred. The pricc was appraised at two hundred dollars; and it has been stated that poor girls, desiring to earn an honest living, have gone to this demon's groggery, around the entrance of which loitered gamblers and sports, to see if the eoveted place could be bought at a cheaper rate. He was his own man of affairs, and in those days did not scruple to take the money direct from their hands. He had not then so many confidants.

The Tax Collector, Assessor and the County

Clerk employed a good many men; about two hundred, on an average, the year round. He was enabled to do two things here: First—He appointed to these positions his most supple and servile supporters; those who he thought could aid him most in the future; not those who had aided him in the past. Buckley has none of that sentimental absurdity which says you should recognize favors done. He looks ahead and has no use for a man who can only point behind him.

Second—He needed revenue. The subordinate places in the municipal offices are salaried by law. That is, certain kinds of work bring one hundred dollars, other kinds one hundred and twenty-five dollars monthly. He made his protégés get their monthly warrants, go to the Treasury, receipt for them in full, and then come to him and hand over twenty-five dollars out of each month's payment. If they didn't do it they were discharged. He said that he must have a fund for election purposes; and in order not to lose it by bad investments, he bought a fine ranch in Livermore Valley, built a beautiful residence, and occasionally goes there now, to rest from the cares of power.

Then came the Supervisors. They had various positions to fill. Buckley relieved them of any trouble of selection by indicating whom they ought to appoint and they were appointed.

There are two institutions in San Francisco

that are the legitimate game of every dishonest Supervisor and "Boss." These are the Gas Companies and the Water Corporation. By law the rates must be adjusted *every year*, and the Board is elected for two years; so there is a double bite. Buckley told the Board that his investigations had assured him that both gas and water rates were too high, and that it was their duty, as servants of the people, to pass an ordinance making a material reduction. They agreed with him, as they knew he was always right. The corporations were duly informed that their outrageous treatment of the people must be stopped. Mr. Buckley, acting as legal adviser of the municipal body, and for a suffering city, quietly and inoffensively made to them these representations. The cogency of his observations, backed by his power, convinced the companies that they were in error. So they gave to the Supervisors an unknown sum, which has been repeated every year since. They also employed Buckley as their private attorney, for they realized how valuable were his services, and, it is said, allowed him ten thousand dollars annually, which stipend he is still understood faithfully to receive.

This present year the water rates have been reduced. The reason is well known to the discerning. The Board of Supervisors now in power are a good exemplification of what comes from a super-indulgence in Macaulay's "Saturnalia of

Corruption.” Buckley has deceived himself. He wanted creatures, but these fellows have got away from him.

They are like the purchaser of a ticket in the Louisiana Lottery who expects to win the grand prize. Constant immunity of political rascals have made them so bold and callous that they would feel offended at the epithet honest, if applied to themselves. They revel in open turpitude. That an \$100,000 was demanded of the Water Company is well understood to be the current rumor; a sum the corporation could not or would not disburse; but they have only the present management to blame, for they have been buying Supervisors and bosses for years, and only became virtuous when the price was too high. If they had never corrupted we would have had a purer era.

Of course there have been and there are faithful, honest, upright Supervisors, but under the Buckley regime they are always in the minority. It will be observed that in all these transactions Mr. Buckley displayed a resource and knowledge which is deserving of the highest commendation, emanating as it did originally from a groggery. Buckley could contemplate his actions and achievements up to this period with the feeling of a robber who had committed a successful burglary. He had laid the gas and water companies under contribution. The School Fund intended for the children yielded him an ample income.

Some little pickings came from the various local offices, including the Sheriff's. The jury-bribing system, the venal Judges, the pliant Justice had not yet appeared. They were the creation of a later and more matured epoch. But, up to the present he had exploited every burrow known to the "Boss" in the city, and so he looked abroad to see what might be found.

There was one institution that as yet had given no worship to the rising sun of Democracy. The railway people distrusted him. They thought he might be honest, for they could not buy him at the San Jose Convention. Moreover, they were then paying Higgins, a tried and faithful follower, and the Republican "Boss," large sums, and they couldn't pay every one. If every one stole from them, what was the use of their stealing from the people?

So Buckley had to win his spurs before he could count on free passes and a home in the golden chambers of the Railway Corporation. He went to Sacramento at the meeting of the Legislature. He did not own all the Democrats, but those whom he controlled voted alternately for and against the railway. Still his advancees were treated with silence.

There were two Senators from the city—Jeremiah Lynch and Frank Sullivan. For a wonder they were honest, but inexperienced. One of them had made money in mining stocks, the other had

millions *dans l'avenir*, so they were independent; and besides, both wanted to go to Congress.

Consequently, they fought the railway as well as they could, which wasn't much, and Buckley patted them on the back and encouraged them. He said they ought and should be sent to Congress from their respective districts. He had meetings of every Ward Club in San Francisco endorsing their action. He had a mass meeting called at Union Hall to approve their course. He used them as a club to beat the railway's hundred heads, and posed as the anti-monopolist of the age.

The railway people were staggered but yet waited. They had some retainers who, now that they have passed into the oblivion of the Future, I shall not indicate. Though, as to them, Antony's epigram still exists, and their evil influence spreads like the miasma over the land.

And then they had Cross and Kellogg, and whom not? Therefore, they yet waited. One day, however, Governor Stoneman astonished every one by calling an Extra Session to regulate the railway. As well regulate the sun, for it seems to be no more certain to go its course. It was true the railway people had not paid their taxes; but they have not paid them yet, either. Stoneman was deluded into calling the Extra Session by fools and knaves, Clarence Greathouse among the former and Buckley among the latter.

They told him it was a Legislature of honest men who would do their duty; and so they did—to themselves. Buckley had a number of men in the Legislature. If they joined with the anti-monopolists measures might pass which would compel the Railroad to disgorge some of their plunder. They at once began negotiations with Buckley, discharged Higgins, made separate bargains with Vrooman, McClure and others, and finally defeated all efforts at reform. They won, but at the cost of a quarter of a million, part of which went into Buckley's coffers. Henceforth he was their pledged retainer at a compensation of ten thousand dollars per annum and passes *ad libitum*. Buckley can travel anywhere on the Southern Pacific lines without paying. He gets all the passes for his men instantly on application at the head office. All the "lambs" that travel to and from Legislatures and State Conventions go to Buckley and get a pass. He has them by the pocket-full at the commencement of a State Convention. The dead Crocker had in his life no more privileges over his own roads than were given to this vampire. I wish that the people of this State would reflect on all this.

Buckley having conquered everything here, after collecting tribute from all sides, thought he would go to a National Convention. But, like the economical and thrifty man that he is, he did not want to spend money, so he looked

around for one who would. He found such a person in Maurice Schmitt, who wanted to see his name in the papers, and who had shown his willingness to pay for the honor of being Buckley's man Friday, by giving him a carriage and pair of horses—good horses, too. This was the kind of a man that suited Buckley, and a compact was soon made: Schmitt to be sent as a delegate to the National Convention, a place that is usually supposed to be filled by gentlemen; and in return to pay Buckley's expenses, including his suite; for the great man wouldn't travel without his doctor, his secretary, one or two supernumeraries and his guide, the pardoned prison convict. They all went to Chicago and put up in state at the Grand Pacific Hotel; the "blind white devil," the little fellow, the ex-State Prison convict, the doctor and the secretary. A rather varied assortment they must have made. But they didn't seem to be as prominent there. People did not call on the "Boss" to hear his behest. In fact, there were some who said they were ashamed to meet Californians on an equality who permitted themselves to be "bossed" by this shrewd trickster. The result was that the delegation had neither influence nor standing. It never voted right at the right time, and at the last ballot gave Cleveland only half its strength when every other State was plumping for him solid. This is a reason, combined with the sub-

sequent loss of the State to Blaine, that has caused the late President to treat California Democrats so cavalierly. It must be said for Mr. Cleveland, that he has been more loyal to us than we have to ourselves, for neither directly nor indirectly has Buckley or his gang received any Federal appointments. He came back from Chicago somewhat draggled and with his plume ruffled. He has attended no National Convention since. In 1884, the State election went Republican and he lost a few of the Municipal offices; but he elected some of his men to the Legislature and reaped a small harvest. In 1886, Governor Bartlett was nominated for Governor despite Buckley's opposition. This was well known to the interior members and was the main-spring to Bartlett's nomination—any city man that Buckley opposed was good enough for the country.

They had an instinctive dread of him and fought his hirelings in every Convention. Bartlett would have done everything to break Buckley's power, had he lived, for he was an honest, upright man.

In the meantime the "Boss" had devised other and novel ways of debasing men and enriching himself. Persons arrested for criminal offenses were tried by jury. These juries were summoned by the Sheriff, whose chief deputy was one of Buckley's guides and confidants.

The cases were tried before Judge Toohy, who had previously, in accordance with the arrangement, been allotted by the other Judges the trial of criminal cases.

Judge Toohy is an ignorant, pompous fellow, who got himself nominated for Judge because he was President of the Land League, and was carried into office with Stoneman. He misused the sympathy that all Americans, particularly those of Irish birth and descent, naturally feel for Emmet's land, to foist himself into position. Utterly unprincipled and brazen as Beelzebub he and Buckley were soon in accord. With Hopkins' chief deputy selecting the juries, and Toohy on the bench, the partnership prospered apace.

Still, there was one thing lacking; the District Attorney, though fairly serviceable, yet was not sufficiently pliable; so they had nominated and elected one "Major" Stonehill. Where he got his title of Major I don't know, unless he had attained his "majority" in venality. A more precious, smooth, smiling, unctuous individual than this party does not exist. He would have been one of the Pharisees of old, provided it would have paid as well as to be a Levite. With his shifting eyes, smooth chin, suave expression and portentous belly crowned by a shining skull, he is an exotic that I trust never will be indigenous to the soil. He lived in Nevada once, and was sent to a National Convention pledged to

oppose Judge Field. Straightway, he voted for him. He found it inconvenient to return home thereafter and drifted over here. Buckley picked him up with eagerness, for he was already made to order. No corrupting oils were necessary to ease his weazened countenance. Walpole's maxim that every man has his price can never be proved in the case of "Major" Stonehill. This triumvirate, Buckley, Toohy and Stonehill, calmly and quietly pursued their lucrative and infamous partnership. Toohy furnished the law, Stonehill, as prosecuting attorney, forgot the law, and Buckley supplied the juries. They didn't work too hard. Toohy went to Honolulu after the De Young-Spreckels trial, at which he presided, and was received at the Islands by Claus Spreckels with beating of tom-toms and the hulu-hula. Stonehill went East, having been conveniently ill, about the time of the Morrow trial, and had some one telegraph here an account of an interview with the President, whom I understand, as a matter of fact, the "Major" has never seen; and Buckley went to Europe, with his doctor and his secretary and—I don't know whether he took his convict or not.

Toohy and Stonehill both hoped for a renomination at Buckley's hands last fall, and there can be no question that he would have accommodated them, if he had dared.

There has been until the commencement of the session of the late Legislature a kind of gambling

game carried on at Platt's Hall. There was for a period a similar institution on Leidesdorff street.

There were both gambling, pure and simple, quite as much so as baccarat and faro, all of which are strictly prohibited by statute. Some parties conceived the idea of establishing these places. To do so, they had to obtain authority from the Supervisors. They went to Buckley and offered him for the required official sanction a certain interest in the proceeds. He had his obsequious and humble Board of Supervisors pass an ordinance expressly granting authority to these individual persons and no others. The games went merrily on, and many an innocent boy, struggling clerk and foolish countryman was duped of his limited means, and, in some cases, tempted to gamble away the property of others. It was generally stated that Buckley's profits as silent partner were about two hundred dollars daily.

For prudential reasons they were closed during the legislative session—what a farce—but will doubtless be all right again very soon.

There is a street-sweeping contract for cleaning the streets of the city. How badly the service is performed every citizen who walks home in the dust and wind of an afternoon well knows; yet the contractor is scarcely to be censured, for a goodly portion of his receipts slides into Buckley's

capacious purse, as silent partner, and with the moiety he has to do the work.

Need I advert to the Bonnet case, where the plaintiff swore in open court that he had paid Buckley \$500 to influence the Supreme Court decision then forthcoming, in his favor?

The actual head of a great political party in a sovereign State is paid to tamper with the highest court of judicature, dethrone Justice, and enthrone Mammon as the God of judges as well as politicians!

At the State Convention, held in Los Angeles last May, there were one hundred and four representatives from San Francisco; but they did not represent San Francisco—they represented the “blind white devil.” They voted with surprising unanimity on every proposition just as the boss directed them.

This complete subserviency of the one hundred and four astonished and disgusted the country delegates. They could not understand how men, assuming to be American citizens, and representing the metropolitan city of San Francisco, should have lost their manhood, and be so utterly shameless, as to surrender their will, conscience and self-respect to the keeping of an irresponsible boss. The interior representatives were restless, irritated, outraged, and there came very near being an explosion in the Convention which might have injured the party, but which probably would have

ruined the "Boss." The leaders, however, good men, too, but more anxious for success than honor, prevented an outbreak and nothing occurred. Buckley dominated the State Convention with the same success that he has had in the City Conventions and returned conqueror.

At the last election there were nominated by the City Democratic Convention a complete set of officials for the City and County of San Francisco, from the Mayor down. It included a Sheriff, County Clerk, Tax Collector, Recorder, Judges, Justices, twelve Supervisors and twelve members of the Board of Education. These are all offices of honor; most of them positions of considerable emolument, and the incumbents have authority to employ several hundred subordinates.

Ordinarily, before the nomination, citizens desiring these places would be pressing their claims before the public and with their friends. They would be agitating, canvassing, working.

Did anyone hear of anything of that kind in the Democratic party? Was any delegate approached by candidates soliciting his vote and influence? Was there a Democrat in the city who dared to employ the time-honored American custom of announcing himself in advance as an aspirant for this or the other position?

Not one, and why was it?

Because they knew that Buckley would control

the Convention as absolutely as he controlled his purse. Because they knew the Convention would only meet to register his decrees as subserviently as the Parliaments of Henry VIII assembled to receive kingly commands and "Cato gave his little Senate laws."

Because they knew that every man for every office would have been selected by the "Boss" before the Convention day arrived, and because they knew that any exhibition of independenee and spirit in canvassing the delegates would have been at once resented as an unwarranted interference with his cattle.

And how were those selections made? Did the "Boss" nominate men for their merit, for services done to the party, for their upright character, for their standing in the community? Ah, no. He is not that kind of a patriot. Men who had money, though they had nothing else, were his nominees; men who bought their nominations, paying him cash in advance and an additional sum conditioned on election; men who sacrificed their birth-right as Americans, and who went to his saloon, hat in hand, cringing, fawning, and waited with gamblers and sports around the door of his private apartment until he granted them an audience. There were honorable exceptions to all this. There were those like Judge Coffey for instance, the purity of whose lives, the stainlessness of whose official careers and the sterling simplicity

of whose characters, distinguished them from the common ruck, and forced the "Boss" by the unanimity of the public voice to nominate them to the posts that they adorned. It is pleasant when delving in so much "nastiness" to be able to record some instances of men who have been true to their self-respect, though they be as rare as flowers in a winter garden.

But the Convention is held and the men nominated whom Mr. Christopher A. Buckley, the "blind white devil," selects as his servants and vassals to have and to hold office in his dearly loved city of San Francisco, and then the cry of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland is raised and the country is in danger.

Orators are found to talk of the grand, old Democratic party and its deeds and necessities. Bonfires are made, tar barrels burnt, bands of music bellow. The party is "enthused." The faithful forget everything but that they must vote the ticket "without a scratch"; and on election day they go en masse and vote like sheep for Buckley's minions. When I see these things and when I think of these things I despair, almost, of the future of the Republic.

Professor Bryce, in his late book, speaks of municipal corruption in American politics. He referred only to the Eastern cities. What would this Englishman have written if he was cognizant

of the way we are misgoverned here? For I believe we are in a worse situation than was New York City under the Tweed regime.

Tweed finally found his way to a prison, pursued by the condemnation of all independent men. Is our Tweed any better? Does he deserve a different fate? Cannot the Tilden be found here, and in the Democratic party, as he was in New York? I am a Democrat, for I believe in those ideas which first caused its existence and still permeate its being. I am a Democrat, and I expect to always remain a Democrat; but above party and above party issues is the duty of an American citizen to preserve the government, both of our State and Nation, from the hands of those who use their power for the base ends of personal gain.

Man

